

BIBLE SOCIETY RECORD



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ON THE LUALABA RIVER

(See page 159)

Public School of
Religion
Berkeley, Calif.

Published monthly by the American Bible Society, Bible House, Astor Place, New York
Entered as second-class matter December 3, 1923, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Sec. 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on December 3, 1923.

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BIBLE SOCIETY RECORD

VOLUME 73

OCTOBER, 1928

NUMBER 10

Through the Gorges of the Yang-tze-kiang

By the Rev. Thomas Torrance, sub-Agency Secretary, Chungking, China

This article does not bear directly on Bible distribution. But it is such a vivid description of a thrilling journey necessitated by his return to his station by one of our veteran sub-Agents in China, and throws such light on conditions prevalent in the far interior of that great land, that it seems in place in these columns. Incidentally, one can see whether Protestant missionaries have deserted even the far interior of China, as has been charged.

A TRIP through the Yang-tze River gorges, as you know, is exciting at any time. The matchless grandeur of the scenery in conjunction with the navigation of the mighty rapids there make it, even to the most phlegmatic, an unforgettable and really unique experience. But when, as now, there is added to these a real spice of danger by being sniped at by robbers or soldiers, it becomes more than exciting; it is the most thrilling experience imaginable.

Consular orders require that Americans and Europeans travel under armed protection. So I took passage at I-chang on the American s.s. I'ling, which carried a naval guard of ten men under Commander Thomas of the U. S. gunboat Palos. Dr. and Mrs.

Agnew, of Chengtu, were also passengers.

Coming into the first gorge, a German fellow traveler went into ecstasies over its beauty. I advised him to reserve his praise for what was yet to come. After we were through it, we wound our way in and between miles and miles of tangled rocks and boiling currents. Ahead I pointed out the difficult Fong-ling Rapid and explained its dangerous peculiarities. A large rock stands in the middle of the river. A swift current rushes transversely below it into the rapid. In the rapid itself lies a very dangerous

submerged rock. When a steamer has to ascend, the Chinese pilot must steer as if he wanted to run the bow of the boat on to the rock. As he does that, the cross current washes it clear, and he escapes touching the hidden rock. At low water the Fong-ling is peculiarly dangerous. This year already fifteen steamers have been damaged at it, and one, a French boat, sunk. As we passed, we saw her funnel

and part of her stern showing above the surface.

We now entered the Ox-liver Gorge. The German could not contain himself any longer. Never, never, had he seen anything approaching it for sheer sublimity and rapturous beauty. It was beauty and danger turnabout, in rapid succes-



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GORGES AND RAPIDS OF THE YANG-TZE-KIANG

sion. The Ch'ing-t'an Rapid followed. The s. s. I'ling, on which we were, met its rushes and tortuous current in fine style.

Then we threaded the Mi-ts'ang Gorge. A mile or two on we passed the small romantic walled city of old Kweichow. Beyond it came the Yea-t'an Rapid—a long straight desperate rush of water caused by the boulders and rubble of a mountain torrent damming, or cramping rather, the bed of the Yang-tze. The engineers and stokers had now to work up the boilers to their last pound of steam. Fire and



smoke belched forth from the stack of the steamer. It looked as if oil was being poured into the fires as well as coal. It was all needed. We almost hung. For some minutes we progressed only by inches, as we realized by watching the bank. Our nerves grew very tense. Would we make it? What, if any part of the machinery gave way? Such a terrific strain! Yes; the bow was nearly over the "bill" of the rush. Another few revolutions of the propeller, and our movement became appreciable. With a gasp of relief, we turned our attention to the boats following us.

There were three in company—the I'ling, the Ch'i-nan, a sister ship, and the Shunking, a small speedy motor boat. The Ch'i-nan did not have our horse-power. She had to run out a steel cable to a rock on the bank and heave herself over. A lot of Chinese hauled the cable up shore and fixed it for her. For this they charged the sum of 160 local dollars!

The Niu-k'ow-t'an Rapid was stiff, though not stiff enough to trouble either boat seriously. What gave us more thought was our first sight of the robbers. We saw twenty-seven of them. Fortunately, so far as we were concerned, they were on holiday. Some time before, when they had fired on a steamer, they had been paid back in kind, and they remembered it.

Near the pagoda adjoining the town of Patung we noted a number of "Red Spears." Our naval men immediately grew alert. Patung they knew to be dangerous. There might be firing. The five of us passengers were called on to the bridge behind the ironplates. All the steel shutters were let down, and every guard peeped out through the small square hole in each. But no firing was done. We saw plenty of Red Spears, but no soldiers or bandits.

I asked our Chinese steward who the Red Spears were. He answered: "He catchee gun, catchee knife, can kill." To Commander Thomas he was more explicit: "He cut off your head; you no can make a die." He meant to say, you then could not die a natural death—could not die in your bed.

The I'ling kept ploughing on. She was still to show us the great Wushan Gorge before anchoring. The German had now more need of his adjectives than ever. But speech failed him. He got lost in his admiration. The imposing and tremendous stateliness of those precipices, sometimes thousands of feet high, took his breath away. And there seemed no end to nature's exposition of her glories here. For thirty wonderful miles she kept on revealing to us the majesty of her works. What an amazing cut through these great mountains! How was it done? Worn, or cleft, or thrown open in some cataclysmic upheaval? It looked as if a giant knife had done the work; it was so



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A STREET SCENE IN I-CHANG

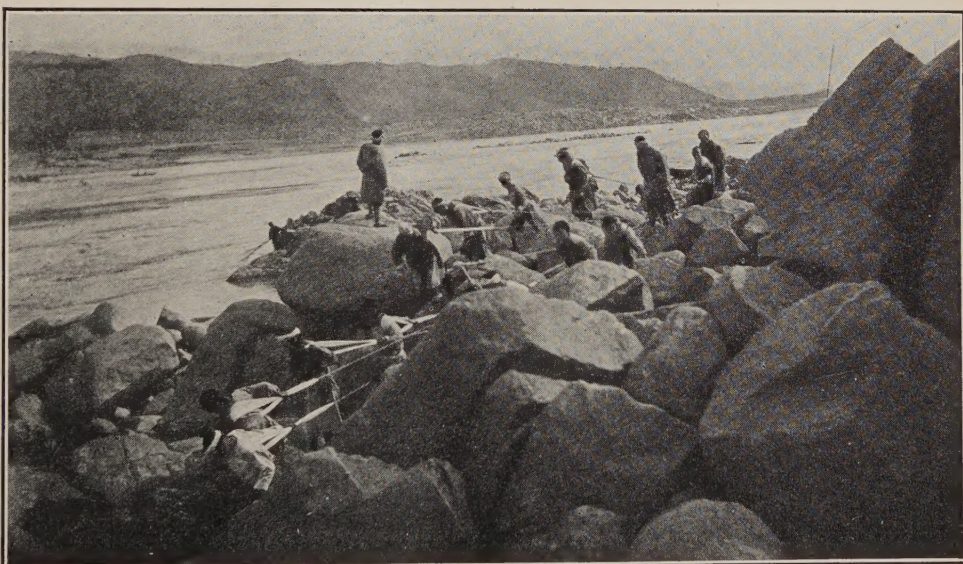
clean in many places. The various rock formations could be plainly seen, down, it almost seemed, to the foundations of the earth. What a geological chart it presented to the scientist! And how strangely the many strata lay; now level, now on an incline, now stark upright, now in perfect immense circles; at places so crushed and distorted that their lines took on a puzzle pattern maze.

"What town ahead is that?" they asked, as finally we came near to sloping scenes and farmed lands again. I said it was the walled city of Wushan, where we were to anchor for the night in a quiet bay. We felt glad; for after such a day one simply wanted to rest and dream of all that the past fourteen hours had brought us.

But such sweet dreaming was not to be the

people had only 24 rifles with which to defend themselves; their other weapons were but swords or lances or stones. The attackers might yet take the city. The citizens felt her presence indispensable. She cared for their wounds, attended their sick, encouraged all to trust in God. The belief was abroad that God would defend the city, seeing that she, his servant, was in it. But the terror of falling into the hands of the bandits hung like a pall over her. She wanted to talk to one of her own race in such a desperate situation. She did not want to shirk her work; she was not unwilling to face danger; yet what should she do? I told her emphatically that her duty was to leave, and at once. Commander Thomas took the same view. The servant was sent back with a message that we refused to let her return;

CHINESE
CLIMBING
OVER
BOULDERS
AS THEY
PULL A
BOAT
THROUGH
THE
RAPIDS
OF THE
UPPER
YANG-TZE



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order. The day's experiences were to be capped by a tale of personal life and of experiences given to few to pass through.

We saw a small boat being rowed alongside with a foreign lady in it. I surmised she might be a China Inland Mission missionary, working pro tem. in Wushan. She made herself known, however, as a Pittsburgh Mission worker, a Miss Ida M. Abel. Six weeks previously, she had returned to Wushan. The people had given her a fine welcome back, and all went well until General Yang Sen, for strategic reasons, had withdrawn his garrison from the city. Then the Red Spears and the bandits sprang into power all round. The day before, they had made a combined attack on the city wall, but had been repulsed. They had withdrawn temporarily, and she, hearing our steamers had come, came out seeking advice. The

he was to bring along her boxes. It was providential both that the enemy had retired temporarily and that we happened to come at the time she was thus free to leave.

Next day I got more of her story. There had been intermittent fighting for ten days. All the while she had kept on with her work. One of the things she had accomplished recently was the distribution of 500 New Testaments. Of this number, 150 had been given to government school students, who were reading them daily, and 250 to soldiers. She could not have put the Scriptures in needier hands. And the evident signs were that again the entrance of God's Word was giving light. Students and soldiers, the very classes that give so much trouble, were being turned from being enemies to friends—from the darkness of heathenism to the light of the gospel.

We had a beautiful early morning run to the Windbox Gorge. At Taichee, its eastern entrance, the captain was afraid of trouble. Bandits were numerous. On a former trip they had attacked the P'ing, and in repulsing them thirty-two had been killed by the guards. His fears, though well grounded, were not realized. Not one bandit did we see. Dr. Agnew, of Chengtu, the German and I ascended to the roof or wooden awning of the P'ing to enjoy the sights of the last great gorge. In the center of it the mighty Yang-tze narrows down at one point to sixty yards in breadth; the depth we could only guess, presumably half a mile. I pointed out the coffins or windboxes, as the natives wrongly call them, high up in a crevice of the northern side, which give the gorge its name; also Wong Liang's ladder—the square holes zig-zagging up the precipices of the southern side into which poles to form an escalade were placed by a general in olden times, when he wanted to force an entrance into Szechuan. Then the treacherous Goose Rock at the mouth of the gorge; the temple of the Emperor Liu Pi high up on the bank, and the beautifully situated city of Kueifu a mile further on.

What an appetizer for our breakfast the P'ing had given us. Miss Abel appeared looking wonderfully rested. Several miles more running and we passed another rapid. The city of Yuinyang soon appeared. Numerous women were out on the rocks, washing clothes; business seemed as usual; we concluded things were peaceful here. The next point of interest was the New Dragon Rapid. It gave us no bother. Above it I remembered the place where, in 1921, we barely escaped being held up by a robber band. Past it I concluded there would be no disturbance the remainder of the way to Wan-hsien. I was wrong. Nearly opposite the village of Siao-kiang the motor boat, which was running ahead of us, surprised all by suddenly turning around on her course and rushing back to us. Robbers had fired on her from both banks. How fortunate that we had been given warning. Otherwise some of our crew or passengers would likely have been shot. In a minute we had all taken cover. The captain stopped just before going into range, to wait for the Ch'i-nan, which was a little behind us. On her arrival the three boats began to move.

On the south bank were numerous boulders. We were near to it. Among these, robbers were lying hidden. On the north bank stretched a long broad line of rocks; here, too, they were watching us. Our halting for a few minutes had led those on the south bank astray. They seemed to think they had us in their power, and two left the cover of the boulders and came walking down a stretch of sandy beach to par-

ley with us. Seeing us start the engines, one fired right at us, and it began to rain "pepper" from both banks. Our guards now let go. One of the two men was killed almost instantly. The other dropped his rifle and bolted back to the boulders. What a race for dear life he had! Bullets sprayed all round him, went just ahead, fell close behind his heels, missed him sideways by inches; the sand spurted in all directions; before some spurts had fallen flat, his feet were over the very bullet holes. Oh dear, such a sight! I could not help saying to myself, "O Lord, let him escape." And he did. As he reached the boulders, he made a dive, literally as one dives into water, and lay flat among them out of danger.

I know, some will say I had no right to pray any such prayer. He was out for murder and plunder; to spare such a villain was to set him free to do more murder and robbing. Chinese robbers are fiends incarnate. This is all very logical and very correct; but the element of mercy in the missionary somehow came uppermost. Talk about the "movies": I'll never see another such moving scene in real life, and have no desire to see it.

Our main firing now was against the north bank. It continued for about fifteen minutes. Twice Commander Thomas gave the order to cease fire, to see if the robbers were inclined to stop. The plan was simply to get past safely. He was very humane. But it had to be resumed, until they saw fit to cease.

Four robbers were seen to fall, two on each bank. A house was hit on the north bank where a quick-firing gun was playing on us. Fortunately, most of its shots fell short, though some hit the Ch'i-nan. When the house was hit, the firing ceased for a little; then it began again, and once more the guards hit it. This occurred three times, I think. Robbers also fired at us from some boats, and shots were put into these.

At Wan-hsien, the three boats anchored around the Petrel, a British gunboat. Two Standard Oil boats we found already there, making five of us in all sitting like chickens under the wings of the old hen.

Mr. Hanna, of the China Inland Mission, is living in Wan-hsien without any opposition. So is Mr. Parker, of the Pittsburgh Mission. There is no anti-British feeling among the people; it was Chinese steamer owners who recently tried to arouse this, to increase their own patronage. Miss Abel left us here to join her own mission workers.

We anchored the third night below the city of Chung-chow, and the fourth near Chang-show. At noon of the fifth day we arrived at Chungking.

From the Land of "Thinking Black"

A Message from Mrs. Dan Crawford

"Thinking Black," by Dan Crawford, will be called to mind by this vivid enthusiastic letter from Mrs. Crawford, of the Luanza Mission, Congo Belge. It came in acknowledgment of service that our Society had rendered. Opportunity is gladly taken to share it with our readers.

GOD still has his triumphs among the heathen as great as of old. And, glorious fact, it is not through the hypereducated that he works, but through his *life-giving Word* told out by these simple, trusting converts who believe every word of it and *know* it to be the mighty power of God unto salvation. * * * There is no joy in the world compared with the joy of being in God's appointed place. I am sure God gives of his best to those out in the battle-front. True, the enemy gives us of

no spectators would follow them such a distance. "So let us not stop praying—the sun is but overhead—think not that the time for help is past." Thus they encouraged each other as they sat in the shade from the fierce noon-day heat.

"While we yet prayed (they told me afterward), God started to work." With what result? Away up the course of that dry river bed a shout of alarm arose, "Run! ye builders of the bridge, run! or ye perish—a flood cometh!"

LUANZA

A SPECIMEN OF MISSIONARY TOWN PLANTING

This picture and that on the cover are from "Thinking Black," and are used with the kind permission of the American publishers, Doubleday, Doran & Company.



his worst—hard fights so often. But the battles beget the victories! Thanks! Thanks for our "sword," the *open* Bible that prevails all along the line.

It is with a pen flourish of exultation that I write to assure you in the homeland that away here in the "long grass" God still makes bare his mighty arm, still works his wonders with unabated power. Just listen to this, and I think you will be thrilled, as were those praying natives who had gathered for the first baptism in their distant district.

"Next Sunday morning will be the time," they had told the whole countryside. But during the week the river dried up! Extraordinary this, as the rainy season had started well. They prayed each day for rain; but no, not a drop! Saturday came. What were they to do? Not to be daunted, they spoke of the far off Lake Mweru; but they knew full well that

Then helter-skelter of the workmen up the banks of the river.

Above the roar of the oncoming water the voice of the chief rang out, "Run, my son, and tell the 'people of God'; for, behold, yonder they still pray for it."

Before the villagers had finished rubbing their eyes with astonishment, the Christians were measuring gleefully their direct answer to prayer—waters up to their knees. By sunset, to their loins. And the night report was "Waters to baptize in." Can't you hear the jubilant songs of praise in the moonlight? While around their fires the people were saying, "This begetteth awe. Today we have 'come of age,' for our eyes have beheld a *chilengaleza*—a wonder wrought by God. Now know we of a truth that He *answereth* prayer."

Crowded were the banks of that flowing river next morning, all agog to see this new

spectacle of a baptism. But the solemn-faced native pastor is out to teach, and not to tickle, his countrymen. "Give ear, O ye people. In these waters—brought of God—his baptistry, we baptize thirteen *new* men and women—new, because indwelt are they with a Spring perpetual, that never can dry up. And thou, O river, think not that thy waters can wash away sin, but rejoice that, for the first time in all the centuries, we claim thee for thy Maker's service, O thou who hast but given thy waters heretofore for the brewing of the skull-splitting beer."

As that crowd dispersed, many and varied were the excited remarks. "It is this that pleaseth us," said a big group, each wearing a little metal crucifix, "this *out-in-the-open* baptism of people we know, whose life beliieth not their belief." "In very truth," said others, with longing in their voices, "these verily are 'new' people. See how happy they are!"

But it is not this first baptism alone which has so impressed them. Acts of neighborly kindness—just doing what they thought Christ would have done had he been present—have often set the natives all agaping with astonishment. For instance,—and I delight to tell you about this black Timothy of ours,—a poor Roman Catholic woman, formerly a reviler of the few believers in the next village, lay very sick, deserted by all. Thinking that she must be now near death, her native teacher paid her his first visit and wished to baptize her. "What!" she cried, "*thou* who hast left me to starve!" He insisted. But while he was bringing water, she fled, and arrived exhausted at our native pastor's hut. He at once took her in, and he and his wife cared for both body and soul, while all about wonderingly watched the daily kindness to a dying "enemy." But, no, she slowly regained health, and with it, oh joy, she began to testify to all around of God's forgiving love made so real to her by the compassion of his saints.

This pastor when but a tiny boy was snatched from his mother by a raiding party, then dumped down on a heap of putrifying heads, his own father's among them, before the great chief Mushidi. Mr. Crawford redeemed the little child from a life of slavery with his next to last shirt. The lad grew up to early manhood in our home, where he gave his heart to the Lord.

But it took a little milk tooth and a murder to make him out-and-out. Returning from a journey, he found that his chubby little first-born, just six months old, had been thrown to the crocodiles. Why? oh! why? All because, during one night little baby boy's first tooth had "sprouted" on the wrong, that is the upper,

gum. With the dawn had come a shriek from the terrified young mother. She had just discovered that what she had tended so lovingly was a thing of horror, a "lutala," a demon in baby form. "Woe! woe! to us," cried the whole hamlet. "Away with it ere it bring dire calamity upon us." So a fisherman, according to tribal custom, "delivered" his townsfolk there and then. A hurriedly paddled canoe, a toss and a splash, and the alarming menace to their peace was gone!

The indignant father thereupon broke utterly with his tribe, publicly declaring himself to be on the side of the Saviour who said it was not his will that one of these little ones should perish. He at once sought to train up children in the love of God and abhorrence of these murderous practices. Today his eldest son conducts the Bible school of his big parish. And his wife, now the proud mother of nine living children, stood weeping for joy beside those baptismal waters, as her first six women converts hastened to obey their Lord's command.

Another deed of the "What would Jesus do?" order, which has stirred up that whole neighborhood, is this. A desperately sick traveler wearing a crucifix arrived at the hut of one of Rome's agents and begged for shelter. But he drove him off, saying, "Wouldst thou bring death into my house? Begone—die elsewhere." The do-good-unto-all-men pastor, hearing of this, found the poor man late at night lying beside the winding trail semi-unconscious, in a lion-raided district. With the help of his son and a long bamboo basket, they managed, with rests in between, to carry him to their home. Here they fed and tended him for three days. But, as he did not improve, they decided to take him by canoe to Luanza. Alas! they had not gone far before he died. So they returned, and digging a grave, they buried him with prayer, while the villagers stood around taking talkative note, amazed at all this for an absolute stranger. "Truly these people believe in Christ," they said one to another. "Look how they imitate him." (One for you, O observing Lubans! but marvel not, for faith *without* works is dead.) Real interest has been the happy result, and many bright conversions.

In this heathen land, where self-love alone is known, where "Nature is red in tooth and claw," where the leopard pulls down the antelope, and the lion the zebra, and the strong man his weaker brother, it is here,—oh! shout for joy,—it is *here* that the Christ-love, the genuine thy-neighbor-as-thyself-love, is being manifested. And this, not by the big white missionary, but by the self-denying acts of the humble black followers away in lonely outposts.

The Tulumchussee Encampment

By Mrs. Augusta R. Moore

It is not often these columns contain a contribution from a Vice-President of the Society. The following is of interest not only from its own story, but also because it has come from our Vice-President from Oklahoma, the daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. W. S. Robertson, who most largely contributed to putting the Scriptures in Muskogee, the language of the Creek and Seminole Indians. Before the state of Oklahoma was formed, she herself was active in school work among those Indians. Her sister, Miss Alice Robertson, former member of Congress, is at present engaged in special research work under the Oklahoma Historical Society, both thus maintaining their deep interest in the work dear to their parents.

BY special invitation of old Nuyaka Mission scholars, I went out into the "sticks" to attend a meeting of the Baptist association of Cherokee, Creek, and Seminole Indians near a little town called Lamar. These Oklahoma Indians are scattered, and are fond of holding encampments every summer and fall.

This camp is made up of seven permanent frame buildings, each consisting of a large dining room,—which is a screened-in porch,—a kitchen, and a large bedroom, with a large arbor cookroom adjoining. First, there was a hewn-log schoolhouse, built many years ago, where my sister visited during her incumbency as school superintendent for the Creeks and Seminoles. Near this is a very neat frame church, painted white, with a large porch in front. On this porch the colporteur of your American Bible Society had his wares exhibited, and he made a good many sales. He had one copy of the Creek and English Bible, that he sold almost as soon as he opened up. I saw quite a little of him and was most favorably impressed. He loves his work, is interested in the Indians, and has their respect. The Women's Auxiliary meets every year with the men for the first formal and religious opening. After that, each body convened separately in its own tabernacle. That of the men is a large one, of shingled roof supported by brick pillars on the sides and ends. There were no center pillars, the roof being of bridgework. They had a piano and plenty of Indians who could play on it, and a few horns.

The grounds consist of about three acres, and are laid off in numbered sections, the numbers nailed to trees—the camp was in a wood. Everything was arranged for sanitation and comfort. Three of their leading preachers were my old Nuyaka boys. The one who was appointed to deliver the "doctrinal sermon" was an orphan boy, who was named Wm. Stoddard after one of the prominent Stoddard Presbyterians of New York in the eighties. All the exercises were in Creek. "Billy" Stoddard chose for his text, which he gave in English and Creek both, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God—and thy neighbor as thyself." He used

so many Bible illustrations, that I was delighted to find that I could keep up with most of his arguments. The one he dwelt on most was his last—*thy neighbor*. He used the questioning line—Who is your neighbor? Is he your friend? Is he not also your enemy, if you have one? And if you do not love him as yourself, are you keeping the command? If you know any one living who would be interested in hearing that "Billy" Stoddard has really made the most outstanding Christian worker who is a product of dear old Nuyaka, I wish you would pass the word to him or her. One of the Stoddards was a home missionary in Oklahoma. The Tulumchussee encampment was the quietest, most reverential gathering I ever attended,—not even a *dog fight*,—and the clothes were in surprising good taste.

Just One of Many

THE accompanying picture is of a man living in the far interior, or the backwoods, of the state of Parana, Brazil. Of him, Dr. Tucker has just told us. A few years ago he chanced to buy a Bible from one of the colporteurs of the American Bible Society working in that field. The reading of the Bible led to his conversion. There was no Protestant missionary work going on in the region where he lived. But he managed to get in touch with a Presbyterian missionary some distance away. The missionary visited him and others interested. The organiza-



ONE OF MANY

tion of a church in the community resulted, and the work is expanding from this center. It is but one of the many striking examples of conversions and the building of churches, as a direct result of the reading of the Bible.

Notes and Comments

TWO of our veteran Foreign Agency Secretaries visited headquarters as this issue is being prepared, prior to returning to their fields. The Rev. Dr. Tucker, whose attendance at the Jerusalem Missionary Conference by invitation of those in charge has already been mentioned, on his return was kept further in this country by an urgent invitation, again from those in charge, for his presence at the World's Sunday-school Convention at Los Angeles. His presence contributed to the decision to hold the next quadrennial World's Sunday-school Convention at Rio de Janeiro in 1932. During his last days in this country, Dr. Tucker has been busily occupied, at the special request of the Union Church at Rio, in raising funds to supplement the \$50,000 they had raised locally, for the new church property in that great city.

* * *

The Rev. Robert Irwin and Mrs. Irwin, who have been on a brief furlough of six months, are returning to their beloved work in Siam, by way of Europe.

* * *

THE Rev. R. R. Gregory, Secretary of the Caribbean Agency, has arrived with his family for a year's furlough, and is making his headquarters at Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania.

* * *

THE Rev. Dr. Carleton Lacy, who had arrived in the country on furlough as previously mentioned, has been accorded a missionary fellowship and will spend the winter in studies that will equip him further for his responsible duties in China.

* * *

FROM the Rev. J. Oscar Boyd, D.D., has come the formal announcement of the removal of the headquarters of the Levant Agency of the American Bible Society, established at Constantinople in 1836, to 1, Parkring, 8, Vienna, Austria, on account of the superior facilities afforded by Vienna for the printing and binding of Scriptures, together with its proximity to the Agency's fields in the Levant. Announcement has also been received that Dr. and Mrs. Boyd, and the Misses Boyd, will be at home at Vienna, XVII, Andergasse, 33a, after the first of September.

* * *

The Bible House at Stamboul, Constantinople, will continue as the headquarters for work in Turkey, Mr. F. Lyman MacCallum being sub-Agent in charge. At Sofia, Bulgaria,

the Rev. M. N. Popoff continues as sub-Agent. Mr. P. Tokatlides has his headquarters at Salonika, Greece, as superintendent of colportage for Macedonia and Thrace.

* * *

PLANS call for the dedication and opening of the new Bible House at Peking this month. It is expected that Mr. Ray Clark Tillinghast, a member of the Board of Managers traveling in the Far East, will be present to represent our Society.

* * *

The *North China Standard* carried an editorial on August 17, 1928, bearing on the Bible House at Peking. Among other things, it says: "The American Bible Society building, shortly to be opened on the west side of Peking's ugliest street, is a lasting compliment to the good judgment of the architects and of the Bible Society. It is a two-storied example of the wedding of Chinese and Western architectural conceptions, the formality of Occidental business structure and the softly-molded lines of Chinese roofing and decorations. * * * To offset the height of the two-storied edifice, the architect has attached a supplementary roof below the highly placed second-floor windows. Two pillars at the entrance break the frontal monotony, and the ensemble is most pleasing. It may tend to rebuke those who have taken the very worst in western architecture for their shops and office structures on Hatamen Street, and lead to a better building era."

* * *

THE Jubilee of the Mexico Agency of the American Bible Society is being celebrated from September 30 to October 7, in Mexico City, by the Christian churches. During these dates, popular meetings are being held in different churches. Each morning a colporteurs' institute will be held for the training and stimulation of colporteurs. During the afternoon, the colporteurs will canvass the city, selling Scriptures. Fuller accounts of the occasion will be given in later issues.

* * *

PERHAPS the correspondent we quote below has had an unusual experience with ministers. But there is food for thought in this statement:

That is a most refreshing article in the August number of the RECORD on the subject "A Doctor's Surprising Prescription," and I believe every word of it. May I suggest that you pass on to the ministers of the gospel the plea that from the pulpit they more often urge upon the people the need of *daily* Bible reading, and especially urge upon the parents the need of their having their children to read some portion

of the Word daily. As an active worker in the church and a constant attendant for more than fifty years, I do not recall a single pastor who urged this duty upon the people. We would have much better church attendance these days, if the people were urged to "feed themselves" daily out of the rich Word, instead of depending on a sermon or two once a week for their spiritual food. Many pastors are to blame for failure to heed this.

THOSE who enter into an annuity agreement with the American Bible Society seem to form a happy and growing family. The habit of repeating is also growing. Five annuitants between them now hold 71 agreements. One annuitant has twenty. Here is a recent illustration from a resident of Chicago:

The munificent interest which I receive from my favorite investment (an American Bible Society Annuity Agreement—Ed.) enables me to take out another annuity bond at this time, the principal of which I am only too glad eventually to give to the work most dear to my heart. Find my check for \$500 enclosed.

And here is another from a resident of Washington, D. C.

I am sending you another \$100 draft, for which please send me another Bible Bond. I just had a Liberty bond come due and have decided to put it in the Bank of Heaven (Matthew 6:20).

A HAPPY combination of radio and Bible Society service is reported in a recent letter. One user of an embossed Bible we have supplied speaks of the inspiration and comfort derived from his embossed Bible in conjunction with the daily radio Bible study service of the Moody Bible Institute.

Another of our blind friends has sent some money, with the statement: "A person finding the enclosed money in front of the post office turned it in for a claimant. No claimant appearing, I turn it in where it will be able to work."

A FINE suggestion lies behind the gracious service revealed in an order received recently. Many of our readers know of blind men at newspaper stands. To one such, our correspondent directed us to send, at her charges, a volume of embossed Scriptures. These men, who supply so much reading matter to the sighted, spend many unoccupied hours for lack

of literature in a form which they can read. Experience shows that our small embossed volume of Scripture passages (in Braille or New York Point) is especially welcome to them. Give a thought to helping the blind Newsdealers in your town or city.

DELVING into old records for another purpose has brought forth the fact that a gift by Samuel Bayard on March 6, 1818, resulted in adding to the then Life Membership family of this Society, the names of James Monroe, President of the United States, William H. Crawford, Secretary of the Treasury, John C. Calhoun, Secretary of War, and Richard Crowninshield, Secretary of the Navy.

APROPOS of the foregoing, we may mention that a check for \$1,000 was received in September from a great-grandmother making her four great-grandchildren Life Directors of the American Bible Society.

THE *California Christian Advocate* is the source of the following paragraph:

Pacific Agency Secretary Mell, while on a recent auto tour to San Diego, was invited by Hawley Bowlus, the foreman builder of the Lindbergh plane, to take an air ride with him in one of the famous Ryan planes. They were accompanied by Mrs. Mell and daughter and had a delightful ride over San Diego and environs. "Doug" Kelley, a former neighbor boy of the Mells, in Berkeley,

was the pilot. Mr. Mell found a hearty reception for the Airplane Scriptures among men who build and fly the ships of the sky.

THE following second provision of the will of a former Life Member was recently reported:

2. That one hundred dollars (\$100) of my estate be paid to the American Bible Society of New York, N. Y., and if it be the will of said Society my son be made a Life Member of said Society as I now am.

A MONUMENTAL work, recently completed, has two features of special interest to those concerned about the Bible being made available in all tongues. In his linguistic survey of India, Sir George A. Grierson has listed 179 languages and 544 dialects spoken in the Indian Empire, *excluding* the Madras Presidency, the native states of Hyderabad and Mysore and the Province of Burma. For the purpose of comparison, the Parable of the Prodigal Son was translated into all these languages and dialects.

DECEMBER NINTH

Bible Sunday this year falls on the second Sunday in December. Either adjacent Sunday may be used, if occasion arises. Literature to help in its observance will be ready for distribution before the end of October. The topic suggested is

SOWING THE SEED

"The Man with the Bible"

By the Rev. J. C. Glenn

The Bible wins devotion of men and women not only to itself because of its great message, but also to the agencies which help to distribute it. Our Society has always been fortunate, down through the years, in having the devoted cooperation of men and women not so much because they are employed by it, as because of their concern for their fellow men and women and desire to place the Scriptures in their hands. From time to time these columns have accounts of such workers. They are but samples of the scores and scores, at home and abroad, rendering, quietly and unheralded, this gracious and loyal service. The following is part of an account which has reached us from an enthusiastic friend of the Rev. D. H. Colquette, who is in charge of the Arkansas sub-Agency of our Southwestern Agency.

THERE can be no doubt that God has men and things moving in the direction of each other—unknown to them, but with a fixed objective ahead. In his pastoral work, which carried him many miles and into countless homes, the Rev. D. H. Colquette discovered the appalling need of information on the part of the people. So few had Bibles in their homes. Colporteurs were few. Publishing houses were distant. Mail facilities were comparatively meager. The people did not have the opportunity to purchase good books and Bibles. To this thoughtful and faithful minister, this work constituted a great field. He willingly accepted the challenge, and for many years he carried Bibles, Testaments, good books and tracts on his monthly rounds. As a pastor he placed Bibles in the homes of more people than any other minister in the Methodist Church in Arkansas. He soon won the deserved title: "The Man with the Bible."

In May, 1916, Mr. Colquette gave up the regular pastorate and became connected with the American Bible Society as Agent for the state of Arkansas. He is in charge of the only depository of its kind in the state. During these twelve years he has left nothing undone in an effort to make the Word of God accessible to "shut-ins" especially. The term "shut-in" as here used has a peculiar significance. It includes inmates of the state and county farms, prisons and other penal institutions, as well as patients in hospitals, schools for the blind and the deaf, and inmates of pauper houses.

During the first year, records show he visited



REV. D. H. COLQUETTE

119 towns and cities, and distributed 27,146 Bibles, Testaments, and portions. Each year of the decade which followed was marked by large service, and often by special service. For instance, the last year of the World War, over 30,000 volumes of Scripture were distributed; Bibles in twenty-one different languages on one occasion being supplied to soldiers at Camp Pike, Little Rock. Special funds raised by him, assisted by a few interested friends, largely helped to finance this work. Another special service through the years has been that already mentioned, in a rather neglected field—among the prisoners in large and small jails. He also has delighted in caring for the aged and the infirm, the blind and the deaf, the dumb and the maimed,—all God's children,—and they need encouragement and help. Some one is needed to relight the candle of hope and expectancy in their dark lives. They long for some one who can make their sobbing hearts sing. More than 2,500 volumes were distributed among these unfortunates in 1925, during which year he visited also 1,259 "shut-ins" of state penal institutions alone, traveling some 7,000 miles in his work, and distributing approximately 40,000 volumes.

During the Mississippi flood last year, when an area larger than that of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Delaware combined was under water in the three states of Mississippi, Louisiana, and Arkansas, Mr. Colquette lost no time in the canvass of the flood district. He was not daunted by the rains that continued to fall, nor did he hesitate to travel through seas of water that for miles and miles reached up to the steps of the railway coaches. He says: "In all of my twelve years' experience as one of the state Agents of the American Bible Society, I have not known of a greater hunger for God's Word than I found among the distressed and frightened people of almost every age and color who were driven from their homes by the flood." As the weeks and months have passed, the extent of the disaster has been more fully and accurately measured. Through the energetic work of "The Man with the Bible" more than 11,000 Scripture portions were distributed in the flood area of Arkansas.

More Bits of China

THE reciprocal service and interdependence of our world work is illustrated by the accompanying picture just received from our China Agency. The truck load of twenty-

the camel can go through a needle's eye. (I asked the robbers to give me a few books to read as a pasttime. The watchman gave me two books of the Gospels of Matthew and Luke of the New Testament of Christianity. That allusion of a camel going through the



A TRUCKLOAD OF 50,500 CHINESE PORTIONS FOR SIAM

one cases, of which eleven only are visible, carried 50,500 portions of Scripture in Wenli for the Siam Agency, to use in its work for the Chinese in Siam. The Siam Agency, on its part, publishes the Scriptures used among the Tai in South China, where it in turn is helping the work in China.

A peculiar agency of Scripture distribution in China is revealed in the translation of a Chinese poem, which the mail has brought. The author, a prominent man, was kidnaped, presumably for ransom. After his release, the poem of ten verses was written under the statement, "In the night of the twenty-second day of the ninth month of the sixteenth year of the Republic of China, a band of robbers entered my home and carried me away and detained me at the robbers' den for six days and nights." The eighth verse reads, in translation:

Moses' Ten Commandments came to China very early. I was ashamed of having not studied the gospel. I read through both the Gospels of Matthew and of Luke during my stay in the room. I suppose I can get through the holé of calamity as

needle's eye was borrowed from the New Testament.

This is an odd testimony to the wide distribution of the portions of Scriptures in China.

We rejoice over the Chinese themselves, encouraging and sharing in the distribution of the Scriptures. Two representatives of the Society, Mr. Timothy Wang, of the Shanghai office, and Ho Hsi-ping, from the Hankow sub-Agency, attended the conference of Christian workers held at Kuling, Kiangsi



MR. WANG AND HO HSI-PING AT THE KULING CONFERENCE

Province, during August. They took sample volumes of Scriptures in various languages and dialects of China, and in various bindings. These they exhibited, and by personal interviews inspired the preachers and workers there to greater activity in themselves distributing the Scriptures. Orders were received for 79,000 portions, besides whole Bibles and Testaments. It was a very successful campaign in Bible work. The orders booked were well distributed over many provinces, as the delegates came from all over the country.

Our Annual Report

THE 112th Annual Report, covering the work in 1927 at home and abroad, was issued last month. It is a volume of 450 pages, a goodly number of which are replete with illustrations of the wonderful influence of the Bible. While the edition is limited, and there is no price fixed, it would fail of its purpose if it is not put to actual use. Pastors and church workers, therefore, who can make good use of a copy to stimulate interest in the circulation of the Word of God, will be supplied while the edition lasts, on receipt of twenty-five cents to cover postage, packing, etc. A few comments from early acknowledgments throw light on the value and use of the volume.

Dr. Arthur J. Brown, the veteran and honored leader in the foreign mission enterprises of the Churches of America, writes:

It is in my heart to tell you with what keen interest I have received the 112th Annual Report of the American Bible Society. I count it an exceedingly valuable volume, and I am delighted to have it available for reference. I have long been an admirer of the splendid work of the Bible Society, and I have all good wishes for its continued prosperity.

The Presiding Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, the Rt. Rev. John G. Murray, made this comment:

It is most interesting and inspiring, and I congratulate you heartily on the fine progress that has been made in every way. With all good wishes, and a prayer for the divine blessing upon your great work.

Mrs. Maude M. Chadsey, of the Woman's Missionary Society, Advent Christian Denomination, mentions a use to which the volume may be put:

We appreciate the gift and find the book very helpful in preparing addresses along missionary lines; for it contains many interesting incidents that can be used advantageously.

The executive secretary of the Foreign Committee of the American and Canadian Y. M. C. A., Mr. E. T. Colton, sends this cheer:

It is always a stimulus to receive this reminder of the seed sowing far and wide that is going on through your ministry.

BIBLE SOCIETY RECORD

EDITORS *The Secretaries*

NEW YORK, OCTOBER, 1928

AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY

INSTITUTED 1816

Bible House, Astor Place, New York

THE American Bible Society was instituted in 1816 with the sole object of encouraging wider circulation of the Holy Scriptures, without note or comment.

Its program is world-wide and includes the translation of the Scriptures into the languages and common dialects of the people; the publication of the Scriptures in styles suitable and convenient, and at the lowest possible cost; the distribution of the Scriptures throughout the world at cost or free, as a missionary program.

Membership in the Society consists of three classes, each with its special privileges:

1. Annual Members are constituted by an annual subscription of \$5.00.
2. Life Members are constituted by a subscription of \$50.00 at one time.
3. Life Directors are constituted by a subscription of \$150.00 in one or two payments.

Handsome engraved certificates are presented to Life Directors and Life Members.

The Society is supported by the gifts of its members and friends and by the contribution of Christian churches with which the Society has official or semi-official relations.

Full information about the privileges of Membership will be sent on application.

FORM OF A BEQUEST TO THE SOCIETY

I give and bequeath to the American Bible Society formed in New York in the year eighteen hundred and sixteen, and incorporated in the year eighteen hundred and forty-one, the sum of_____.

If real estate is given, for the last three words above, "the sum of," substitute the words "the following property, to wit."

HOW TO SEND MONEY BY MAIL

Your money may be lost if you enclose in an ordinary letter silver coin, bills or postage stamps.

THE SAFE WAY IS ONE OF THESE FOUR:

1. Register the letter in which you send bills or postage stamps. Any postmaster will register a letter for fifteen cents.
2. Send the money by Bank check or draft.
3. Send it by an Express Company's money order.
4. Send it by a Post-office money order.

Whichever way is chosen, address the letter and make the check, draft, or order, payable to Gilbert Darlington, Treasurer, Bible House, Astor Place, New York.

LEGACIES

HOME AGENCIES

\$18,067 56

FOREIGN AGENCY

RETURNS FROM SCRIPTURES

Board of National Missions.

Board of National Missions,	
Presby. Church, U. S.....	\$14 49

\$70,910 42

Annuity Department.....	\$	66	94
Bible House Rentals.....	10,369	84	84
Bible Society Record.....		3	00
Diffusion of Information...		1	87
Funds for Transmission...	146	50	
General Salaries and Expenses.....		5	05
Gifts for Distribution to the Blind from Individuals.....		215	78
Gifts from Churches.....	6,668	93	
Gifts from Individuals.....	8,983	40	
Income from Available Investments.....		18	23
Income from Legacies and Gifts, Trust Funds....		35	00
Manufacturing Credits...	161	26	
Special Annuity Income and Expense Account...	322	50	
The Trade	404	54	
	\$27,402	84	

Total Cash Receipts.... \$98,313 26

GENERAL CASH STATEMENT

RECEIPTS

\$117,238 35

DISBURSEMENTS

\$117,238 35

PUBLICATION DEPARTMENT CASH STATEMENT

Publication Department	\$27,945 82
Balance to September, 1928.....	3,138 25
	<hr/>
	\$31,084 07

Total Cash Balance.....\$24,511 20

This booklet has been revised

It contains in clear
and concise form a
list of

BIBLES *and* **BONDS**



*Questions
and
Answers*
regarding
Annuity Bond Agreements
of the
American Bible Society
Rates
4% TO 9%

Funds received by the American Bible Society on the annuity basis help this Society in its important missionary work of *translating, publishing and distributing* the Scriptures "without note or comment" in scores of different languages and dialects.

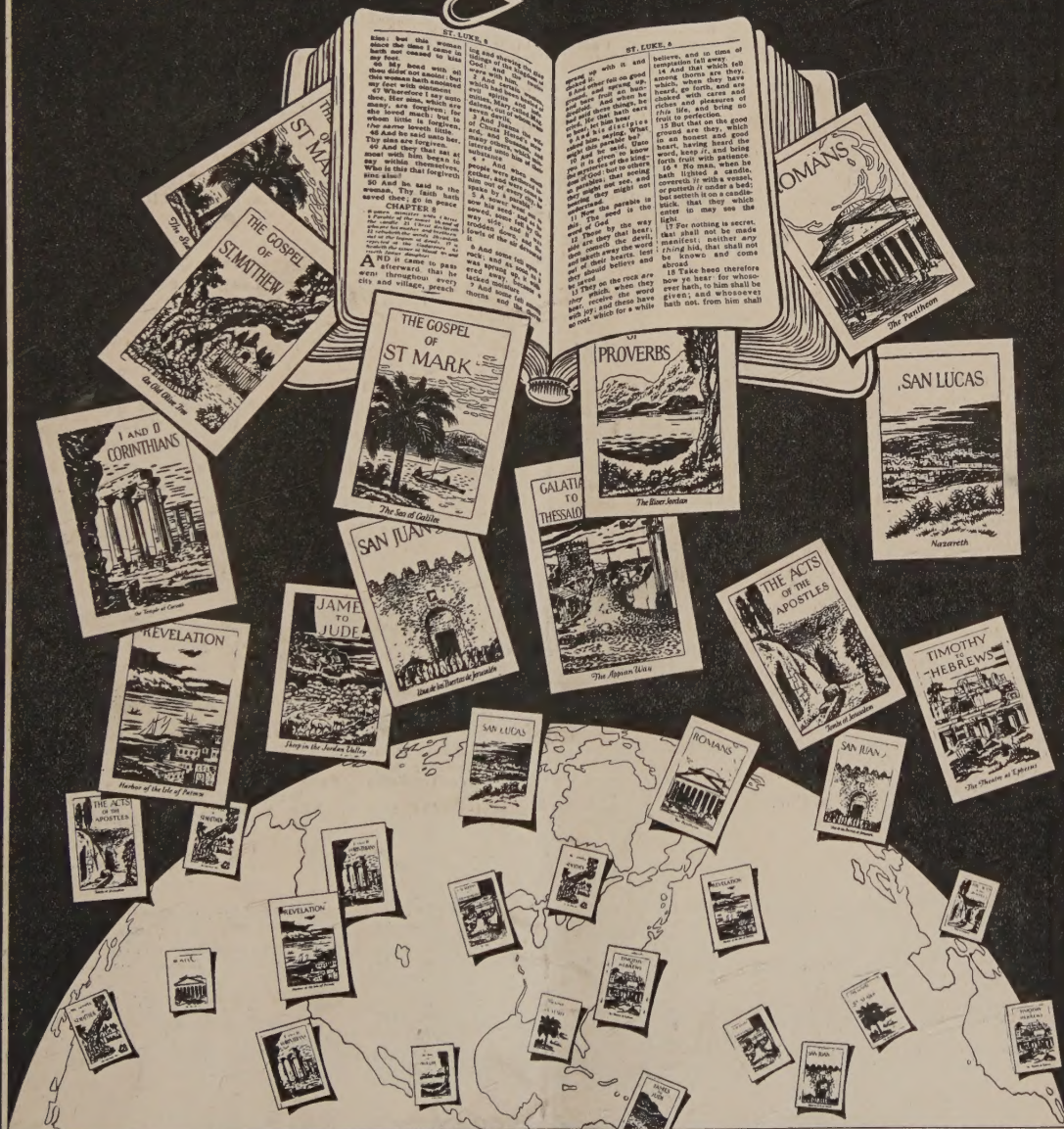
ASK FOR BOOKLET NO. 62B

AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY

INSTITUTED 1816

BIBLE HOUSE, ASTOR PLACE
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Sowing the Seed



Published monthly by the American Bible Society, Bible House, Astor Place, New York
Entered as second-class matter December 3, 1923, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Sec. 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on December 3, 1923.

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